

Sodom

"The Art Of Killing Poetry"

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Screams of pain dismembering the wind
Storms of corruption elevating my wings
Souls withered in my flameless frost
No difference between my hate and your love

Wearing a mask of a bad religion
Like self-inflicted injury
Feeling the tension in every way
Unadulterated victory

The art of killing poetry
Created by misanthropy

The secret abyss of strength within
Tearing the epidermis from your skin
Disseminated decay of my death
Silhouettes without extremities

Wearing a mask of a bad religion
Like self-inflicted injury
Feeling the tension in every way
Unadulterated victory

The art of killing poetry
To bring the dark upon the light
Created by misanthropy
Beneath the crimson tide

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